



Humano Capiti ——— &c. ——— &c.  
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas —  
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis Amici? *Horat. de Art. Poet.*

77 51  
1  
A N

# ELECTION BALL,

I N

## POETICAL LETTERS

FROM

Mr. I N K L E, *per* at B A T H, *K*

T O

His W I F E at G L O C E S T E R :

WITH A

## POETICAL ADDRESS

To *JOHN MILLER*, Esq. at *Batheaston Villa*.

---

The THIRD EDITION.

---

By the AUTHOR of the NEW BATH GUIDE.

---

Printed for the AUTHOR, by S. HAZARD, BATH;

And sold by DODSLEY, *Pall-Mall*, and WILKIE, *St. Paul's-Church-Yard*, LONDON:  
FLETCHER and HODSON, at *Cambridge*; and by S. HAZARD, and all the other  
Booksellers at BATH.

\*\*\*\*\*  
M. DCC. LXXVI.

Price Two SHILLINGS and Six-PENCE.



THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL



THE EFFECT OF BALL

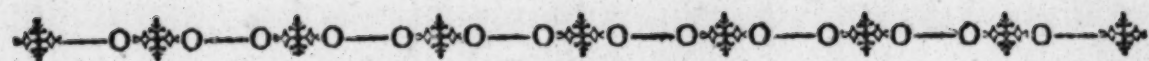
THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL

THE EFFECT OF BALL



THE  
*FIRST ODE*  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE  
IMITATED.



B





Q. HORATII FLACCI

O D E I. L I B. I.

D. H. A. D. M. I.

MÆCENATEM.

**M**<sup>ÆCENAS,</sup> <sup>1</sup> *atavis edite regibus,*

<sup>2</sup> *O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum :*



THE  
FIRST ODE  
OF THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
HORACE  
IMITATED.

TO JOHN MILLER, Esq.

MILLER, <sup>1</sup>whom fair IERNE bore  
To grace Britannia's happier Shore,  
<sup>2</sup>Whose Genius guides, whose Counsel guards  
The Labours of Bathonian Bards,



*Sunt, quos<sup>8</sup> curriculo pulverem Olympicum*

*<sup>4</sup> Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis*

*Evitata rotis: palmaque nobilis*

*<sup>5</sup> Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.*

*Hunc, si nobilium turba Quiritium*

*Certat<sup>6</sup> tergeminis tollere honoribus:*

Survey Mankind and each you'll view  
His various Path of Joy pursue.

There are in <sup>3</sup> Phaetons who smoke ye,  
<sup>4</sup>Collecting Dust enough to choke ye,  
With Elbows square and nodding Heads,  
And long-tail'd scrambling Quadrupeds  
Whip round the Post—turn sharp—cut neat—  
Despise—and frighten all they meet :  
Or studious of the Olympic Races,  
Keep *half* a running Horse at \*SCRACE'S,  
Hedging, and Odds, and Bets their Theme—  
By which *some knowing ones*, I deem,  
With Zones around their Necks have vaulted  
<sup>5</sup>Tow'ards Heaven above their Peers exalted.

The Alderman who pants to grace  
<sup>6</sup>The Golden Chain, the Sword, and Mace ;

\* The Riding-School at BATH:



<sup>7</sup> *Illum, si proprio condidit horreo*

*Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis*

<sup>8</sup> *Gaudentem patrios findere Sarculo*

*Agros* <sup>9</sup> *Attalicis conditionibus*

*Nunquam dimoveas, ut* <sup>10</sup> *trabe Cypriâ*

<sup>11</sup> *Myrtoum pavidus nauta fecet mare.*

<sup>12</sup> *Luſtantem Icariis fluctibus Africum*

*Mercator metuens,* <sup>13</sup> *otium & oppidi*

*Laudat rura fui:*

<sup>7</sup> The griping Hunks, whose Barns contain

Full many a Year's well-hoarded Grain,

<sup>8</sup> Yet anxious to increafe his Store,

Grubs his paternal Fields for more,

Would ne'er the boist'rous Waves be tost on,

In search of dear-bought Palms at Boston,

<sup>9</sup> Though all the Treasures were confign'd them,

Her hapless Exiles leave behind them,

<sup>10</sup> In stoutest Bark would near sustain,

<sup>11</sup> The Horrors of th' Atlantic Main.

<sup>12</sup> Secure from Wars, and dangerous Seas,

Colonel JAGHIRE enjoys his Ease;

Buys Land, and Beeves, with Indian Gold,

Which some poor English 'Squire has fold;

Kings, Lords, and Commons he defies,

<sup>13</sup> "The Town is all my own, he cries,



<sup>14</sup> *mox reficit rates*

*Quaffas,* <sup>15</sup> *indocilis pauperiem pati.*

<sup>16</sup> *Est qui* <sup>17</sup> *nec veteris pocula Massici,*

“ That curst Climate I’ve been hurt in,

“ And Nabob-making grows uncertain—

“ This snug Retreat I’m safe from Harm in,—

“ How sweet that Wood! that Lawn how charming!”

But ah! his Passion soon returns,

With restless Flames his Bosom burns;

<sup>14</sup> His Bark he rigs, resolv’d once more,

The distant Ganges to explore,

Rather than on his native Ground

<sup>15</sup> To starve—on Fourscore Thousand Pound.

<sup>16</sup> Oft’ will you meet old General DRONE:

A Character at Bath well known;

The Rooms and Coffee-House he haunts,

<sup>17</sup> Drinks sometimes Tea, and sometimes NANTZ:

Complaining of the Gripes and Vapours,

He’ll ask “ what News there’s in the Papers



<sup>18</sup> *Nec partem solido demere de die*

*Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbato*

*Stratus; <sup>19</sup>nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacrae.*

<sup>20</sup> *Multos castra juvant, & lituq tubæ*

Then cry, "such Measures we're pursuing,  
 "This Nation's on the Brink of Ruin:"—  
 But urge Him to explain her Wrongs,—  
 Down fall the Poker and the Tongs;  
 He hums, and haws, and recommends—a—  
 —Prescription for the—*Influenza*;

<sup>18</sup>In Summer, lounging at Spring-Garden,  
 In Winter, every Door bombarding,  
 With morning Visits duly paid  
 Down from the Crescent to Parade;  
<sup>19</sup>His Head he'll in the Pump-Room poke  
 To catch some stale, unmeaning Joke,  
 With News and Nonsense for the Day,  
 To drive his irksome Hours away.

<sup>20</sup>Pierc'd with the Fife's, and Trumpet's Voice,  
 Britannia's warlike Youth rejoice;



<sup>21</sup> *Permistus sonitus,* <sup>22</sup> *bellaque matribus*

*Detestata.*

<sup>23</sup> *Manet sub Jove frigido*

*Venator, <sup>a</sup>teneræ conjugis immemor :*

<sup>24</sup> *Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,*

*Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.*

<sup>25</sup> *Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium*

<sup>26</sup> *Dis miscent superis :*

<sup>21</sup>The blended Sounds transport their Ear,

<sup>22</sup>While trembling, anxious Mothers fear—

These Heroes should desert their Quarters,

To Scotland to entice their Daughters.

<sup>23</sup>The northern Blast, and driving Rains

SIR HARDY THICKSET well sustains ;

<sup>24</sup>Whether the Hind, or wily Fox

His fleet Hounds urge o'er Vales and Rocks,

He drives the Chace with Perseverance,

<sup>25</sup>Nor heeds his tender Wife's Endearance,

At Night returning to console her—

With Feats of Bowman, and of Jowler.

<sup>26</sup>For me—the verdant Ivy Guerdon

(Which you, Sir, have my Brows conferr'd on)

With many an artless Rhyme I jingle,

<sup>27</sup>Gives me with loftier Bards to mingle :



<sup>27</sup> *me gelidum nemus,*

<sup>28</sup> *Nympharumque leves* <sup>29</sup> *cum Satyris chori*

<sup>30</sup> *Secernunt populo :* <sup>31</sup> *si neque tibiae*

*Euterpe cohibet :* <sup>32</sup> *nec Polyhymnia*

*Lesbium refugit tendere barbiton.*

<sup>33</sup> *Quod si me Lyricis vatibus inferes,*

<sup>27</sup> Me, to enjoy thy cool Cascade,  
 Thy nodding Grove, and checker'd Shade,  
<sup>28</sup> And view the smiling Nymphs advance,  
<sup>29</sup> To join with thee the festive Dance;  
 (While every Charm of Art and Nature  
 Conspires to grace thy *Fête Champêtre*)  
 Thy kind Indulgence has allow'd,  
<sup>30</sup> And sets me 'bove th' ignoble Crowd;  
<sup>31</sup> Content if sweet EUTERPE deign  
 To hear my humble Pipe complain;  
 Or when beside the Winter Fire,  
 With careless Hand I sweep the Lyre,  
<sup>32</sup> The gay fantastic POLYHYMNY  
 Visit the Corner of my Chimney,  
 Inspiring Notes of Joy and Mirth,  
 That please, and perish in their Birth:  
<sup>33</sup> But if thy fair, thy matchless Dame  
 Approve my Verse, and stamp my Fame,



<sup>34</sup> *Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.*

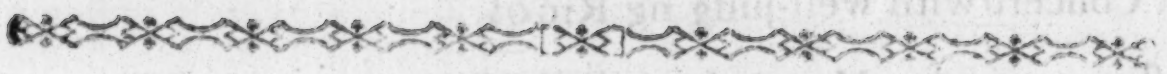


In Concert with well-judging RIGGS,  
 Assign to me her Myrtle Sprigs,  
 And lead me through th' Aonian Path  
 To join the vocal Swans of Bath,  
 Not \*MADGE in all her Glory drest,  
 Shall rear so high her tow'ring Crest,  
<sup>34</sup>I'll soar above all vulgar Eyes,  
 And bear my Plumage to the skies.

\* The Heroine of the subsequent Poem.







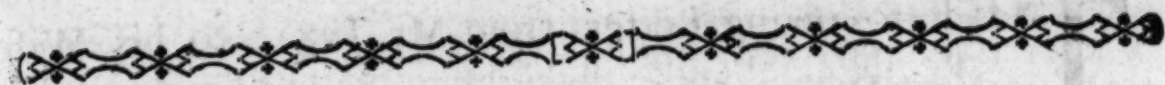
ELECTION BALL.

POTENTIAL LETTERS

Mr. INKLE, a FREEMAN of BATH.

His WIFE at GLOUCESTER.





AN  
**ELECTION BALL,**

IN  
**POETICAL LETTERS**

FROM  
**Mr. INKLE, a FREEMAN of BATH,**

TO  
**His WIFE at GLOCESTER.**



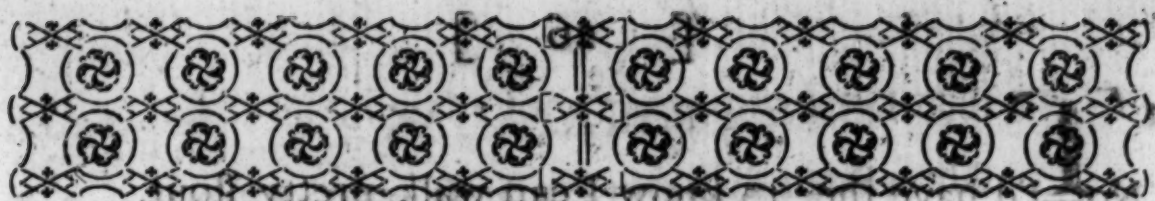


To the R E A D E R.

THE following Letters from Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE, at *Glocester*, made their first Appearance at Mrs. MILLER'S POETICAL COTERIE, at *Batheaston Villa*, seeming in some Measure applicable to the Subject given out for the *Poetical Amusements* of the Week, which was, "The ANTIENT and MODERN DRESS " and MANNERS of the ENGLISH NATION COMPARED." They have since been presented to the Public under their original Disadvantage of the *Somerfetshire Dialect*, which rendered them unintelligible to many of Mr. INKLE'S Readers; he therefore applyed to me to divest them of this Peculiarity, and likewise to purge them of many Provincial Modes of expression, with which the Writings of this honest Gentleman were exceedingly replete: In this Situation, (together with many considerable Additions Mr. INKLE has since made to them,) they are again submitted to your Perusal, by

Your humble Servant,

The EDITOR.



# LETTER I.

Mr. INKLE to his Wife Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOUCESTER.

CONTAINING

*Mr. INKLE's Motives for writing Verse—His Panegyric upon  
Discipline—female Accomplishments—Preparations for the  
Ball—Absurdity of former Ages in Point of Dress and  
Manners.*

— **A**ND so, as I told thee before, my dear Wife,  
I'll go to the Ball tho' it cost me my Life—

—Must I be shut up, till like poor Neighbour SNARLER

I be smok'd like a Joss in mine own little Parlour?



No—I'd have thee to know I can walk pretty stout,  
 Since I've found an infallible Cure for the Gout,  
 For the Doctor I've try'd, has with wedges and Pegs,  
 So stretch'd out my Sinews, and hammer'd my Legs,  
 So suppl'd the Joint, by tormenting the Tendon,  
 My Heel I can raise, and my Toe I can bend down,  
 And, by Jove, I'm resolv'd to get out of the Bilboes,  
 And shake at the Ball both my Legs and my Elbows,  
 Moreover, dear Wife, when I'm absent from you,  
 I'd fain with the Muses my Friendship renew,  
 And send you a pretty poetic Narration,  
 The Result of my deep and profound Penetration;  
 And since such a Number of Poets, it seems,  
 Must daily be quaffing of Helicon's Streams,  
 (While Phœbus looks on with so placid an Eye,)  
 I'd fain take a Drop, e'er her Channels be dry:  
 I too would relume my poetical Fire,  
 And take down my worm-eaten rusty old Lyre,

Suspended, e'er since the fond rapturous Days,  
 Yourself first inspir'd, and approv'd of my Lays;  
 Then tell me no more of your great Cousin \*SIM;  
 You may find me no less entertaining than him,  
 My Numbers perhaps may be full as sublime,  
 And I think I've as easy a Knack at a Rhyme;  
 Like him to enliven my musical Vein,  
 A few Latin Fragments I still may retain,  
 Which Dr. ORBILIUS, (whose Form to this Day  
 If chance Indigestion my Spirits dismay,  
 In ill-boding Wig, rusty Caslock array'd  
 Still is wont in dire Visions my Rest to invade)  
 Such Pains to inculcate, such Fondness did shew  
 To imprint in my Childhood—The World shall all know  
 These learned Posteriors still boast of the Scars,  
 So early they bore in my classical Wars;

\* The Hero of the NEW BATH-GUIDE.



Oh Goddess! who rul'st with omnipotent Sway,  
 Whose Empire the Realms of fair Learning obey,  
 Whate'er be thy Name, who with awful Command  
 Bear'st Ferules and Rods in thy merciless Hand,  
 How well thy true Kindness, thy Judgement appears  
 In guiding our tender and innocent Years!  
 With Frowns on thy Visage, with Wrath in thy Breast,  
 With Taunts, loud Reproaches, and Heart-galling Jest,  
 Compelling meek Childhood's first Dawn to explore  
 The Regions of gloomy grammatical Lore,  
 Thou driv'st all thy Pupils to Pindus at once,  
 Ne'er casting one pitying Look at a Dunce;  
 To thee do we owe, to thy fostering Aid  
 Such Numbers that woo the poetical Trade,  
 Who, tho' very oft they be left in the Lurch,  
 With respect to Preferment in State, or in Church,  
 By vast Application at Length have been able  
 To procure some Employment in Phœbus's Stable,

To curry his Nag, and whenever it suits  
 May polish his Stirrups, and liquor his Boots,  
 Or under the Muses get pretty good Places,  
 By cleaning their Slippers, and vamping their Bases,  
 And turn out at last very musical Fellows  
 By blowing their Organ, and mending the Bellows,  
 An Honour, most Critics, I'm sure, will agree  
 May be justly conferr'd both on SIMKIN and ME,  
 Tho' none of your BLUNDERHEAD Cousins you'll find,  
 Who like ME knows the World, and have studied Mankind:  
 How in Judgement, Experience, and Taste, I excel  
 The following Letter, dear DINAH, may tell.

You may talk what you will of your old-fashion'd Feast  
 That would last for a Month, or a Fortnight at least,  
 Where Aldermen's Wives, and their Daughters would guttle  
 And the Husbands get drunk o'er a Pipe and a Bottle,



You may boast, if you please, that your County of Gloucester  
 Will be drunk for a Twelvemonth, whatever it cost her,  
 I think our good Member is far more polite  
 To give us an elegant Dance for the Night,  
 And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Supper,  
 While Folk of no Fashion drink Tea at the Upper;  
 And since I am held in such vast Estimation  
 To be courted by all the great Men of the Nation,  
 I think it the best Entertainment of all,  
 To taste the sweet Cream of a Quality Ball,  
 And thither I'll go, tho' I stump upon Crutches,  
 To hear the Ben Motz of a Duke or a Dutches.  
 Our MARGERY too, who's a Girl of Discretion,  
 And known to most Persons of Rank and Condition,  
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire  
 Th' indelicate Feast of an old Country Squire,

You may pass if you please that your Country of Gloucester  
 She says, there is something so vulgar and nasty,  
 Will be drunk for a Twelve-month, whatever it cost her.  
 In greasing your Mouth with a hot Venison Pasty,  
 I think our good Member is far more polite  
 Which the Freeman of Bath all expected to feast on  
 To give us an elegant Dance for the Night  
 With their generous Friend the good Squire at Bathaston;  
 And invite at the low Rooms the Nobles to Supper  
 In Pudding there's something so clumsy and clunch,  
 While Folk of no Fashion drink Tea at the Upper;  
 And something so filthy, so stinking in Punch;  
 And since I am held in such vast Estimation  
 Nay the vows would be strange and exceed all Belief,  
 To be courted by all the great Men of the Nation  
 Should a Freeman of Bath love a Surloin of Beef;  
 I think it the best Entertainment of all  
 And as far as I judge from our eating and drinking  
 To taste the sweet Cream of a Quality Ball  
 Our Members are much of the same Way of thinking,  
 And thither I'll go, tho' I stomp upon Crutches,  
 To hear the best Mot of a Duke or a Dutchess  
 And now I must tell thee, dear Wife, how thy Daughter  
 Makes a Progress in all the fine Things thou hast taught her;  
 Our MARGERY too, who's a Girl of Discretion  
 Not like thy old Grandmother DOROTHY DISTOFF,  
 And known to most Persons of Rank and Condition  
 Who'd spin Half a Day without taking her Fitt off;  
 Is out of all Patience, if chance you admire  
 She'll dance a Coulion—make Verses—draw Faces—  
 Th' indelicate Feast of an old Country Squire  
 Read Novels—sing Catches—and ludy the Graces;



She has many a pretty French Word at Command,  
 That sounds vastly sweet, yet I can't understand,  
 For French is a Language so very genteel,  
 That a few little Words will imply a great deal,  
 So very concise, and so given to vary,  
 'Tis in vain to apply to your Vocabulary—  
*Savoir vivre—Bon Ton*—that's as much as to say  
 We grow more polite, and improve ev'ry Day,  
 That for eating and drinking we know the best Rules,  
 And our Fathers and Mothers were Blockheads and Fools,  
 That Drefs, Cards, and Dancing, alone shou'd engage  
 This far more enlighten'd and delicate Age.  
 You must know too, that MARGE has a wonderful Passion  
 To appear like a Lady of very high Fashion,  
 So I'll tell thee, dear DINAH, how well she contriv'd,  
 The very first Moment her Ticket arriv'd:

Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!

She was pleas'd to be sure—But (as often I've bid her  
 In weighty concerns) she took Time to consider,  
 Then with Presence of Mind flying up to the Garret,  
 Brought down my old Wig, that's as red as a Carrot,  
 And to it she went, dear, Ingenious Sweet Soul,  
 Drawing up the old Caul till it fitted her Pole,  
 Then with Dripping and Flour did to baste it and frizzle,  
 The Hairs all became of a beautiful Grizzle,  
 Those Curls which a Barber would view with Defiance,  
 She did coax, twirl, and twine, with such Skill, and such Care,  
 With Combs, Pins, and Paste, make such frequent Attacks on,  
 She triumph'd at length—and rubb'd the old Caxon  
 Which done, she the Front in a Cushion did wrap,  
 Till the Foretop stood up like a Grenadier's Cap,  
 On which all her Jewels at once she display'd  
 Bought of SOLOMON SMOUCH—who was leaving off Trade,  
 What a Bargain was there, for so trifling a Sum!  
 Not a Diamond, or Pearl, that was less than my Thumb!



As sure as I live there was MADE in her smock  
Then deck'd with fair Fruits, and gay Flow'ets, all twin'd  
Laying hard at the Tail of our old Duncannon  
In a Pose as thick as a Besom behind,  
The pluck'd it—and pull'd it—and tore from the stump  
The merry old Bob gave his Ringlets to flow,  
All the Feathers that clasp'd his unfortunate Rump  
And dangle like Saucages all in a Row.  
And away to her Toilet her Image to view,

On the Wings of Impatience and Rapture she flew,  
What now would'st thou think could remain to be done,  
While Susan behind, with a Simper and Leer  
To make our dear MADGE more completely the Ton?  
Unmov'd heard the Clamours of poor Chanticleer,  
Fast asleep on my Couch, and of thee, my dear, dreaming,  
One Hand o'er his Drum-stick held lawless Dominion,  
On a sudden I heard a most horrible screaming,  
T'other Mutton Fitt tyraniz'd under his Pinion,  
Thought I, "Ture these barbarous Strains in the Attic  
While envious Criminals with Whiskers display'd  
" Are the Voice of one yelling in Ditty Chromatic,  
In Death-boding Murmurs the Hero dilly-dally'd  
" I'll listen awhile,—very likely they may—  
With fire-darting Eye-balls expanding her Claws,  
" For I know MADGE's Master is coming to Day;  
Wretch'd her I all with fell Transport, and cruel Applause;  
" If so, my dear Child, I'll be with thee anon

\* The Editor is indebted to Mr. W. for the following lines, which however he cannot value more as  
the inimitable Design of the Frontispiece, which however he cannot value more as  
a masterly Performance, and a most judicious and happy choice of a subject, and a most judicious  
his worthy and ingenious Friend COPSTONE WARRIE RAMPAGE, Esq. of  
Hestercombe, in Somersetshire.  
What a wonderful Sight did I see in her Chamber!

\*As sure as I live there was **MADGE** in her Smock,  
 Laying hard at the Tail of our old Dunghill Cock!  
 She pluck'd it—and pull'd it—and tore from the Stump  
 All the Feathers that cloath'd his unfortunate Rump,  
 And away to her Toilet her Image to view,  
 On the Wings of Impatience and Rapture she flew,  
 While **SUSAN** behind, with a Simper and Leer,  
 Unmov'd hear'd the Clamours of poor Chanticleer,  
 One Hand o'er his Drum-stick held lawless Dominion,  
 T'other Mutton Fist tyranniz'd under his Pinion,  
 While envious Grimalkin with Whiskers display'd  
 In Death-boding Murmurs the Hero dismay'd,  
 With fire-darting Eye-ball expanding her Claws,  
 Wreath'd her Tail with fell Transport, and cruel Applause:

\* The Editor is sensible how very far Mr. INKLE's Description must fall short of the inimitable Design of the Frontispiece, which however he cannot value more as a masterly Performance, than as a kind Token of Approbation and Regard from his worthy and ingenious Friend **COPLESTONE WARRE RAMPEYDE, Esq.** of *Hestercombe, in Somersetshire.*



He knowing 'twas vain to contend with the Foe,  
 Would fain have march'd off like the great BRULLO;  
 And deeming a tame and an abject Submission,  
 Unworthy a Cock of his Rank and Condition  
 Kept struggling with many stout Efforts and Twitches  
 To compound for his Life—with the Loss of his Breeches;  
 But MADGE with more Pride her Atchievement survey'd,  
 His piping-hot Plumage more gladly display'd  
 Than fam'd AFRICANUS from Carthage of yore  
 His Trophies to JOVE CAPITOLIAN bore,  
 Or He, (whom as gentle as gallant we view'd  
 Triumphant return from Manilla subdu'd)  
 In \*HENRY'S proud Temple suspending his Spoils  
 Gave Learning's fair Mansion to boast of his Toils—  
 But alas! to his Fortune, his Interest blind,  
 How blam'd by the *sensible* Part of Mankind!

King's-College Chapel, at Cambridge.

Whenever they chide it—to alter their Measure;

In a Land so remote, in that barbarous Ground,  
 When Victory spread her glad Ensigns around,  
 To sheath the fell Sword; in a Ransom engage;  
 So unlike many other great Chiefs of the Age,—  
 To feel for the helpless—to here the fond Prayer  
 Of Widows and Orphans,—to CONQUER, and SPARE—  
 From *foolish* Compassion to hazard that Gain,  
 Which others by *fair, lawful* PLUNDER obtain.  
 As for those happy Spoils, which as *lawful* and *fair*,  
 MADGE had plunder'd, and left the poor Garrison bare.  
 Thou ne'er canst conceive, thou dear Wife of my Bosom,  
 How cunning, how feat, she did cut and dispose 'em;  
 But to fit a Description to Folk at a Distance,  
 Requires supernatural Aid and Assistance,  
 I never can make it quite handsome and clever,  
 Unless the kind Muses will grant me a Favour,  
 Which Freeman and Poets should claim at their Pleasure,  
 Whenever they chuse it—to alter their Measure:



Like the Picture I've seen  
**To a Cap like a Bat**  
 (Which was once my Cravat)  
 Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is,

Part stuck upon Gauze  
 Resembles Mackaws  
 And all the fine Birds of the Indies.

But above all the rest  
 A bold Amazon's Crest  
 Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,

At once to surprize  
 And to ravish all Eyes,  
 To frighten and charm the Beholder.

Brought Philosopher's Eyes,  
 In short, Head and Feather  
 And Wig altogether  
 With Wonder and Joy would delight ye,

Like the Picture I've seen  
Of th' adorable Queen  
Of beautiful, blest Otaheitee.

Who gave such a Ball,  
To our merry Men all,  
And there did so frisk it and dance it,

Some thought her as fine,  
And some did opine,  
Twas Venus herself in her Transit saw,  
Waves nodding from Shoulder to Shoulder,

While the black Maids of Honour  
That waited upon her,  
(The Sight so uncommon and odd is)

Brought Philosopher's Eyes,  
From the Orbs in the Skies,  
To gaze at their Heavenly Bodies.  
With Wonder and Joy would delight ye



But Made at the Rooms,  
 Must beware of her Plumes,  
 For if Vulcan her Feather embraces,  
 Like poor Lady Laycock,  
 She'll burn like a Haycock,  
 And roast all the Loves and the Graces.  
 Oh! I wish you could see, my dear Spouse, all this while  
 How she copies your sweet irresistible Smile!  
 How she simpers, and prinks, while the Glass is before her,  
 And calls all the Cupids around to adore her;  
 With a Grace and an Air, so genteel and becoming,  
 Signiora Squallina's new Minuet humming,  
 Now backward she moves, now her Steps doth advance,  
 With the same winning Ogle, the same killing Glance,  
 Which beam'd from your Eyes, with such Lustre divine,  
 They thaw'd all my Ice, in the Year thirty-nine,  
 And restore an old Face to its Juvenile Hue.

And made me at once to my Senses forget,  
 I fear I have hardly recover'd them yet,  
 For why ye must Rupee, and whitewash your Faces,  
 (A fashion which Madge with such Rapture embraces)  
 Then ruddle them over like Sheep for the Market,  
 I must own, my dear Wife, I am quite in the Dark yet;  
 But I've no kind of Doubt, she is quite in the right  
 As the world all allows—tis extremely polite,  
 As your fine travel'd Ladies, old Madam VAN-CRONE,  
 And Lady ROUGE-Dragon declare is the Ton;  
 A Ton, which I needs must approve in the main,  
 As I never shall see an old Woman again;  
 For every Perfumer I find will engage,  
 To remove the most desperate Symptom of Age,  
 For Lotions cosmetic consults the Opinions  
 Of Turks, Jews, Circassians, Chinese, and Armenians,  
 Boasts Drugs which lost Features at once will renew,  
 And restore an old Face to its Juvenile Hue;



Will teach the fair **HEBE** in washes to lurk,  
 And **CUPID** his Head from a Gallipot perk,  
 E'en Pimples and Freckles to Beauties improve,  
 And make ev'ry Wrinkle the Outline of Love:—  
 "Oh Land of Refinement! Oh Nation how blest!"  
 Are Things then so dear? are the People distressed?  
 No, no! my dear **DINAH**, I'll prove to the State,  
**YOUTH** and **BEAUTY** are sold at so easy a Rate,  
 I can buy you for Six-pence, as much as you please,  
 \*At **JOLLY's**, at **DAWSON's**, or **Mrs. PURDIE's**.  
 Lack-a-day! how her Throat doth our **MARGERY** raise,  
 How *shove up* her Bosom, and *shove down* her Stays?  
 For to make a young Lady a true polite Figure  
 You must cramp up her Sides that her Breast may look bigger,  
 And her's tho' a Chicken as yet, my dear **DINAH**,  
 Stand forth full as plump, and as Jolly as thine are;

\* Perfumers at BATH.

BATH, Dec. 4. 1775

And why should ye leave any Charm for Conjecture,  
 Like the Figure you see in your Grandmother's Picture,  
 With her Neck in a Ruff, and her Waist in a Girdle,  
 And her Throat like a Ram's that is caught in a Hurdle,  
 Her Head like the Baptist's when plac'd in a Charger—  
 I'm sure, my dear Wife, you have long'd to enlarge her,  
 You never as yet did those Beauties conceal,  
 Which Nature intended your Sex to reveal;  
 And I'm happy that MARGARET has acquit such a Spice  
 Of Your excellent Manners, and wholesome Advice,  
 Has the Spirit, the Taste, the good Nature, and Sense,  
 To treat all Mankind at so small an Expence,  
 And whilst I instruct her that Path to pursue,  
 So well pointed out, so well trodden by you,  
 I'm sure, my dear DINAH, you never can think ill,  
 Of your ever sincere, and affectionate INKLE.

BATH, Dec. 4, 1775.





## LETTER II.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

At GLOUCESTER.

CONSISTING OF

*Similes—Easy Postures of Modern fine Ladies—Well-bred  
Speeches—High Life at the Ball—Sudden Arrival of  
an old Acquaintance.*

ONCE more, O! ye Muses, from Pindus descend,  
And bid all the Graces your Footsteps attend,  
Who oft' at Elections are wont to prolong  
The keen-pointed Epigram, Ballad, or Song,  
With your own odoriferous Water to sprinkle  
The Posie I twine, for my dear Mrs. INKLE.

Not launch'd with more Glory, more Splendour and Pride,  
 The new-tackled Bark skims adown the brisk Tide,  
 Her Streamers display'd, and the Wind in her Poop,  
 Than MADGE fally'd forth in her Feather and Hoop;  
 But how great her Surprise, when the Men in Despair  
 First look'd at her Topfail, and then at their Chair,  
 Half grumbling, half sneering, did seem quite unwilling,  
 Till the Goddess of Wisdom in Shape of a Shilling,  
 While MADGE was attempting her Rigging to push in,  
 With Fingers invifible whipt out the Cullion,  
 And then, like a Pistol too big for the Holfter  
 Half in, and half out; or an obftinate Bolfter  
 (Which I think, I have feen you attempting, my Dear,  
 In vain to cram into a fmall Pillowbeer)  
 Thrice did ſhe endeavour her Head in to pop,  
 And thrice did her Feather catch hold of the Top;  
 At length, poor dear Soul, very ill at her Eafe  
 She fat with her Head almoſt jam'd to her Knees;



I never did yet any Vessel discern  
 So high in her Bowprit, and low in her Stern;  
 To conceive how she look'd, you must call to your Mind  
 The Lady you've seen in a Lobster confin'd,  
 Or a Pagod in some little Corner inshrind,  
 Where with Knees both erected, and squat on his Breech  
 Unhappy Divinity sticks in a Nitch;

But ne'er did I see such a comical Motion,  
 Nor ever, dear Wife, canst thou form any Notion

How cramp't in this Posture  
 They wrigg'l'd, and toft her,  
 While every Step that they trod,  
 Her Foretop and Nose  
 Beat Time to their Toes,  
 And her Feather went—niddity—nod.

Mean while pretty brisk, and uncommonly strong,  
 I tottering on two Sticks went hobbling along;  
 Tho' I very much fear that she thought me a Fogram,  
 All stuck out in Sattins, and I in my Grogram;  
 Yet I'd have her to know, in my Sunday Surtout,  
 Silk Hose—*new Peruke*—Frill—and Ruffles to Boot,  
 I claim'd such Respect, did such Favours receive,  
 I ne'er shall forget them as long as I live;  
 For thou know'st my dear Wife, I esteem it delicious  
 To appear in high Life, and am vastly ambitious  
 To be squeez'd, as I was, by my Lord PERRYWINKLE,  
 With—"your Servant, good Sir,—how do Mr. INKLE,  
 "What Joy, my dear Friend, all the World are you giving,  
 "To see you once more in the Land of the Living!  
 "So chearful and brisk too, I'd venture a Million  
 "If you laid down your Cane, you could dance a Cotillion—  
 "Your Lady looks charming, I burn to accost her,  
 My dear Lord, says I,—*"Mrs. INKLE's at Gloucester—*



"Lack-a-day, he replies then, 'twas Lady KILLWRINKLE

"Who I think is exceedingly-like Mrs. INKLE;—

"Mrs. INKLE not here! this is no Ball without her—

"She has carry'd away all the Graces about her—

"Your Lady at Gloucester!—and pray do you hear

"Mr. INKLE, how Matters are jogging on there?

"I've a Friend, my dear Sir, at th' ensuing Election

"Who pants to receive your Advice and Protection—

"I wish you'd—says I, "my dear Lord, say no more,

"Your wish is enough, your Commands I adore,

"And I'm sure Mrs. INKLE will think it an Honour

"If your Lordship will lay your kind Orders upon her,

"'Tis true I've no Vote—but I'll use my Endeavour,

"I have Interest much at your Service however,

"For I'm promis'd my Lord—but (I beg and desire,

"I beseech as an Alms you won't let it transpire)

"Give me Leave just to whisper a Word in your Ear,—

"Let us step to the Card-Room—there's nobody there,—

—“I am promis’d my Lord, by old HUMPHRY POTWOBBLER—

“The Votes of three Taylors—two Smiths—and a Cobler,—

“At this quite transported, one Hand he did put on

“My Shoulder, with t’other caught hold of my Button,

“Mr. INKLE, says he, (and he shook it a little)

“I profess you have hit this Affair to a Tittle,

“And since with such Kindness, such Friendship you meant it,

“Depend upon’t, Sir, you shall never repent it.”—

I thought this Account, my dear DINAH, would please ye,

(And the Irish Establishment now is so easy)

The least I expect if Things properly fadge,

Is a Pension for me—and a Husband for MADGE;—

Thus with Nods, Winks, and Simpers each other delighting,

And poking our Heads out, like Game-Cocks a fighting,

We stuck out our Rumps with respect most profound,

And parted like Cart-Whips bent down to the Ground.

Lady D’OILY PALAVRE, at very first Sight

—Was indeed above all kind of Measure polite,



Mr. INKLE, says she, "you do well to come out

" A Ball is an excellent cure for the Gout,

" Miss MADGE is so happy and you are so hearty,

" Come, come, you shall both drink your Tea in our party;

" Here are some queerish Figures, it must be confess,

" But your Daughter, Miss INKLE, I vow, and protest,

" Is what I call—pretty—modestly—drest;

" Young Ladies are often so awkward and raw

" At their first coming out, but I never yet saw

" Before so polite an Assembly as this is,

" An easier, better-bred Creature than Miss is,

" Quite a Woman of Fashion—now don't you think so,

" Pray speak the plain Truth, my dear GORGE DE CRAPAU?

Madam GORGE DE CRAPAU cries,—Wee, Ma'am, *Oh! qu'ee*

*Van Sharmangest Paerfon, I aever vas see—*

But MADGE I'm afraid at the End of the Chapter

Will find little Cause for such Transport and Rapture,

And tho' my good Lady's Politeness is such,  
 I fear I have sweated my Carcase too much,  
 And who at the Ball on that Night did appear,  
 Who danc'd in the Van, and who limp'd in the Rear,  
 What Dukes, and what Drapers, what Barbers, and Peers;  
 What Marquises, Earls, and what Knights of the *Shears*;  
 What Cook, and what Countess, what Nymphs of the Brooms;  
 What Mop-scepter'd Queens, came that Night to the Rooms;  
 What Dashers of Ink, Pettifoggers, Musicians,  
 With a new and correct List of all the Physicians,  
 I ne'er can in suitable Numbers explain,  
 Nor learned *Bathedston's* more musical Frain,  
 Tho' whilst the fair Virgin at *CLIO's* Command,  
 Is dipping for Rhymes with her Lilly-white Hand,  
 E'en PHÆBUS himself in support of the Cause,  
 Should pop out his Head from the Tusculan Vase.\*

\* Mr. INKLE alludes to an elegant Antique Vase, which was once the Property of  
 MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, at his celebrated Tusculanum; and now in the Po-



Alas! my dear Wife, I can never describe  
 Bath's beautiful Nymphs, that adorable Tribe,  
 Who like Mexican Queens in the Picture which you may  
 Have seen of the Court of the great Montezuma,  
 Sat in solemn array, and diversify'd Plume,  
 That shed o'er their Charms its delectable Gloom;  
 But at what Time they heard the Horns echoing bellow,  
 The Hautboy's shrill twang, the brisk Fiddle, the mellow  
 Bassoon, and the sweet-grumbling Violoncello,  
 At what Time they heard the Men puff and belabour  
 With Mouth, Stick, and Fist, the gay Pipe and the Tabor,  
 At once they did scuddle, did flutter, and run,  
 And take Wing like Wild-Geese alarm'd with a Gun,  
 In a Moment came bustling and rustling between one,  
 Some coupl'd like Rabbits, a fat and a lean one,

session of JOHN MILLER, Esq. at his elegant Villa at *Batheaston*, adorned with a  
 Festoon of Flowers, is appropriated to the Reception of the several poetical Pieces  
 of the respective Candidates for Mrs. MILLER's Myrtle Chaplets; which Pieces are  
 taken out by some young Lady to be read by one of the Company.

Some pranc'd up before, some did backward rebound,  
 While some more in Earnest, with Looks more profound,  
 And sweat-bedew'd Foretops, did lard the lean Ground;  
 But others more neat, on the Pastern arose,  
 Like the Figure of PAN, whom you've seen I suppose,  
 Just saluting the Turf with the Tips of his Toes;  
 And as nothing, I think, can more please and engage  
 Than a Contrast of Stature, Complexion, and Age,  
 Miss CURD with a Partner as black as OMIAH,  
 KITTY TIT shook her Heels with old DOCTOR GOLIAH,  
 And little JOHN CROP, like a Poney just nickt,  
 With long DOLLY LOADERHEAD scamper'd and kickt,—  
 Ah! sweet DOLLY LOADERHEAD—who can believe  
 Who for Truth such Reports of bright Beauty receive?  
 Yet I hear—tho' perfum'd you such Odours display,  
 And breathe in December the Fragrance of May,



If your Head were well open'd by Loufe-piercing \*Dun  
 We should all be convinc'd, by more Senses than one,  
 Tho' so powder'd and plumag'd it came to the Feast,  
 It had ne'er tasted Small-Comb this Twelvemonth at least.  
 As for MADGE, tho' young SQUIRT had been promis'd the Honour  
 BILLY DASHER stept forth, and at once seiz'd upon her;  
 His Air was so pleasing, so soft were his Speeches,  
 Not to mention his new Sattin Flesh-colour'd Breeches,  
 With a Shoe like a Sauce-boat, and Steeple-clock'd Hole,  
 And a filken Soubise, that bob'd up to his Nose,  
 With a Watch in each Pocket (one lent by his Mother)  
 To prove that one Leg should keep time with the other,  
 With a Club like a Coach-Horse's Tail in a Strap,  
 And his Coat like his Beaver curtail'd of its Flap,  
 With a Sleeve you'd have sworn had been sew'd to his Arm,  
 No Wonder, dear Wife, BILLY DASHER should charm:

\* A celebrated Hair-Dresser at BATH.

While with Flames that keen Jealousy's Rage did improve,

Poor SQUIRREL felt the Heart-rending Passion of Love.—

—But soft—my dear Wife, I'm oblig'd to give o'er,—

What means that astonishing Rap at the Door?

It must be some Person of FIGURE, no Doubt,

And very high Breeding, that makes such a Rout,

Whoever it be, the true Thanks he deserves

Of all who have tender, and delicate Nerves—

Sure mine Eyes must deceive me, or else I could swear

'Twas your own Nephew SIM, getting out of the Chair—

Quite a new-fashion'd Flea-colour'd Coat!—'tis I'm sure

'Tis Sir SIMKIN himself, just arriv'd from his Tour,

Pretty tender, I find, from a Climate so warm,

As he takes at a Breeze such a sudden Alarm;

One Hand, I perceive, tho' the Wind's in the South,

Keeps thrusting his Handkerchief up to his Mouth,



White t'other, on which his *Camaycus* appear,

Holds a Thing call'd a *Chapeau de Bras* at his Ear—

Well—He comes in good Time to improve and refine us—

\**Tam valde ridiculus, et peregrinus.*

The Meaning of that is in English, my Dear,

I'm rejoic'd above Measure, and with you were here,

As his Dress, and his Manners you needs must applaud,

So much He's improv'd by his Travels abroad:—

But I hasten to pay the Respect that is due

To a Friend so esteem'd, and connected with you,

With the truest Reluctance I lay down my Pen

And am yours till I've Time to resume it agen.

Saluted as oft on both sides of my Face,

Dispers'd with fine speeches, some Italian,

And some in French, with a smack of German,

Perform'd by Sir SIMON, who'd fain have it known,

He has study'd all Tongues, and forgotten his own.

In his sweet Nis a Nis almost poison'd to Day

While he gab'd, and complain'd He was lost among

INKLE

Fragment. vet. Poet.



LETTER III.

Mr. INKLE to Mrs. DINAH INKLE,

My Dear,

I'm rejoic'd above Measure, and with you were here.

As his Dicks, and his Manners you needs must applaud.

So much He's improv'd by his travels abroad;—

A slight Sketch of a travell'd Man—*Contaminated by the Bath*

To a Friend *in a letter*—*An Affair of Honour*—*And a doleful Disaster.*

With the truest Reluctance I lay down my Pen

Thousand Times hug'd with outlandish Grimace,

Saluted as oft on both Sides of my Face,

Distress'd with fine Speeches, some *Italiano*,

And some *en François*, with a Smack of *Germano*,

Perform'd by Sir SIMKIN, who'd fain have it known,

He has study'd all Tongues, and forgotten his own,

In his sweet *Vis à Vis* almost poison'd to Day

While he gap'd, and complain'd He was *tout ennuyé*,



(A Disease, which, if chance a Young Man it befall,  
 Will make him, I find—good for nothing at all)  
 Now admiring a Picture he call'd a *Maddonna*,  
 Then kissing a Lap-Dog he brought from Bologna—  
 (Tho' I ne'er till this Moment knew what it did mean,)  
 I think I have felt a small Touch of the SPLEEN,  
 And with you, my dear Wife, I'll my Spirits regale,  
 And catch one sweet Breeze from the Aonian Vale—  
 Ah! fain I Sir SIMKIN's exploits would relate  
 From the Time that He came to his Rank and Estate,  
 Tell the Sights he hath seen, to what Courts He is known,  
 What TREASURES brought Home—in Exchange for his own—  
 But the Muse bids me now the Transactions recall  
 Of that famous Night which I spent at the Ball,  
 On which, I profess, both your Husband and Daughter,  
 Met a deal of Respect, Entertainment, and Laughter;  
 For wherever we went, you've no Reason to doubt us,  
 We carry'd a Pow'r of good Humour about us:

But alas! **my dear Dimple**, I fain would conceal  
 What Truth **and Sincerity** bid me reveal  
 What with Hair all dishevell'd, and Tear-blubber'd Cheek,  
**MELPOMENE** trembling commands me to speak,  
 Commands me to tell thee, the dismal'st Story,  
 That ever befel a poor Nymph in her Glory.

The Dance was just o'er, and *I* burnt to employ  
 My Time—no more solid, more rational Joy,  
 Life's true'st Delights were prepar'd to begin,—  
 For the Supper, my Dearest, was just carry'd in,  
 And the worthy good **Dr. ABDOMEN** and **I**  
 Had just found a Crow in a Perigord Pie,  
 And (what I accounted exceedingly pleasant)  
 Cut up an old Fowl stuck with Tail of a Pheasant,  
 When **SQUIRT** who had long been attempting in vain  
 The Pangs of Resentment and Love to restrain,  
 At length lost all Patience; his Heart fell a throbbing,  
 When he saw **BILLY DASHER** with **MADGE** hob-a-nobbing,



And thought he might better give Vent to his Pain,  
 Than add to his Heat by the *Soupe à la Reine*,  
 So to please his Revenge, he pretended to sloop,  
 And on poor BILLY DASHER dispos'd of his Soup,  
 And *Soupe à la Reine* so exceedingly rich is,  
 It fasten'd like Glue to his Flesh-colour'd Breeches,  
 At once he did roar, kick, and scamper, and swear,  
 In vain like old HERCULES striving to tear  
 The Gift so tenacious, which SQUIRT with a Grin  
 Protested and vow'd was ne'er meant for his Skin;  
 BILLY tug'd at his Sattins till all in a Fright,  
 The Misses scream'd out, at so shocking a Sight,  
 And the Dæmon of Discord with Menaces loud,  
 And Revenge at his Heels had assembl'd a Crowd:  
 Alas how my Soul was prophetic of Evil!  
 (Oh! I wish that old BARNABY BUZZ at the Devil)  
 He, forsooth, of all others, must needs interpose,  
 As in Quarrels for ever He's thrusting his Nose;

And like some great Quacks, who instead of alluaging  
 The Gout in one Toe, set the other a raging,  
 Or what is more dreadful, oft banish the Pain  
 By a *Nostrum* that drives the Disease to the Brain,  
 Two Words he repeated an hundred Times o'er,  
 Which inflam'd both the Heroes' Resentment the more,  
 SATISFACTION and HONOUR—which Terms I would fain  
 Beg the Favour of some wiser Head to explain—  
 But BARNABY BUZZ such an ignorant Dolt is  
 He clapt on a Caustic, instead of a Poultice,  
 And talk'd with such infinite Vociferation,  
 And us'd such immoderate Gesticulation,  
 As sure as you live, that conceited old Prig  
 The Candle knock'd down on poor MARGERY'S Wig;  
 At once the fierce Deity seiz'd on her Plume,  
 Made all her combustible Noddle to fume,  
 And whilst my old carroty Caxon was singeing,  
 Some call'd out for GULLIVER—some for the Engine—



But, what I esteem much politer and kinder,   
 A well-behaved Gentleman stepping behind her,   
 To prevent all Misfortunes proceeding from Fire,   
 As his Wife and his Sister were sitting just by her,   
 (Like an honest good Man, who employs all his Labours,   
 To save his own House, by destroying his Neighbour's)   
 In spite of old Vulcan caught hold of the Cawl,   
 And away flew Wig, Feathers, and Poley and all,   
 Then as if all the Devils in Hell meant to plague us,   
 (Ah! pies take that filthy, vile Punch and the Negus)   
 Spight of all that I said in my former Epistle—   
 MADGE had taken a Drop just to moisten her Whistle,   
 Prescrib'd her, she tells me, by young Mr. SQUIRT   
 Who vow'd—and protested—'twould do her no Hurt,   
 (Tho' Punch, you well know, if it chance to oppress us   
 In the very best Company's apt to distress us)   
 Alas! she who lately Bath's Beauties among,   
 Shone foremost and fairest of all the gay Throng,

Now wigless, uncather'd, with Eyes of Despair,  
 That star'd like a Jack-daw's when caught in a Snare,  
 With Locks standing up in the Front like a Teasel,  
 Behind, sticking out like the Tail of a Weasel,  
 With Sack, Hoop, and Stay, pinch'd, and sweated to Death,  
 Stood and gasp'd like a Turtle that's panting for Breath.  
 So for fear I should hear some d-n'd Rhymet remarking  
 The Fate of my Wig and the Tail of the Darning,  
 (Tho' at Dinner I'd made but a slender Repast,  
 As before a great Feast one may venture to fast,)  
 I e'en hobb'd off, and without any Supper,  
 Was forc'd to go home to unlace and unhoop her.

But if ever again at these Balls I appear,  
 (Tho' a Ball without thee, will be no Ball, my Dear,)  
 Do, pray, let us banish these new-fangled Ways,  
 And give MADGE a little more Room in her Stays;  
 For as to the Modes of your Folk in high Life,  
 I fear we are all in the Wrong my dear Wife;



As to eating—I swear in the very first Instance,  
 I'll fall aboard something that makes a Resistance,  
 I think it a Sin and a Scandal to waste  
 My Time and my Teeth upon outlandish Paste,  
 Fill'd with Truffles, Morelles, and such d--n'd nasty Stuff,  
 That agrees with our modern fine Youth well enough,  
 And no doubt our good Member pays full enough for it,  
 But the World shall all know I detest and abhor it;  
 And tho' Mrs. MADGE it exceeds your Belief,  
 I'll take a good Slice of old English Roast Beef;  
 Let me, my Dear, quaff my Beer, Smouze and Carouze,  
 And you'll find me as true as a Dove to my Vows,  
 By Night and by Day your affectionate Spouse

BATH, Dec. 6, 1775.

— I N K L E.



